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DIALOGUE

Between two noted

HORSES.

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The INTRODUCTION.

WE read, in profane and ſacred Records,
Of Beaſts, which have utter'd articulate Words.
When Magpys and Parrots cry, *walk Knaves, walk*,
It is a clear Proof that Birds too may talk.
And Statues, without either Wind-pipes or Lungs,
Have ſpoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues.
Livy tells a ſtrange Story, can hardly be fellow'd
That a ſacrific'd Ox, when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Pharalis had a Bull, which, as grave Authors tell ye,
Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Friar Bacon had a Head that ſpake, made of Braſs;
And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Aſs.
At *Delphos* and *Rome* Stocks and Stones, now and then, Sirs,
Have to Queſtions returned articulate Anſwers.
All popiſh Believers think Something divine,
When Images ſpeak, poſſeſſeth the Shrine;
But they who *Faith Catholick* ne'er underſtood,
When Shrines give an Anſwer, a Knave's on the Rood.
Thoſe Idols ne'er ſpoke, but are Miracles done
By the *Devil*, a *Prieſt*, a *Friar*, or a *Nun*,
If the *Roman* Church, good Chriſtians, oblige ye
To believe Man and Beaſt have ſpoke in Effigie,
Why ſhould we not credit the publick Diſcourſes,
In a Dialogue between to inanimate Horſes?

The

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The Horſes, I mean of *Wool-Church* and *Charing*,
Who told many Truths worth any Man's hearing,
Since *Viner* and *Osborn* did buy, and provide 'em,
For the two mighty Monarchs who now do beſtride 'em,
The ſtately braſs Stallion, and the white marble Steed,
One Night came together, by all 'tis agreed.
When both Kings weary of ſiting all Day,
They ſtole off, *incognito*, each his one Way;
And then the two Jades, after mutual Salutes,
Not only diſcours'd, but fell to Diſputes.

The DIALOGUE.

QUOTH *the marble Horſe*,

Wool.

It would make a Stone ſpeak,
To ſee a *Lord Mayor* and a *Lombard-ſtreet* break;
Thy Founder and mine to cheat one another,
When both Knaves agreed to be each other's Brother.

Here Charing broke forth, and thus he went on,

Char.

My Braſs is provoked as much as thy Stone,
To ſee Church and State bow down to a Whore,
And the K—— chief Miniſter holding the Door;
The Money of Widows and Orphans imploy'd,
And the Bankers quite broke to maintain the Whore's Pride.

Wool.

To ſee *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne,
And the K——s wicked Life cry, God there is none,

Char.

That he ſhould be ſtill Defender of the Faith,
Who beleives not a Word what the Word of God ſaith.

Wool.

That the Duke ſhould turn Papiſt, and that Church defy,

For

For which his own Father a Martyr did die.

Char.

Tho' he chang'd his Religion, I hope he's ſo civil,
Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.

Wool.

That Bondage and Beggary ſhould be in a Nation
By a curs'd Houſe of C———, and a bleſt Reſtoration.

Char.

To ſee a white Staff make a Begger a Lord,
And ſcarce a wiſe Man at a long Council-board.

Wool.

That the Bank ſhould be ſeiz'd, yet the Chequer ſo poor;
Lord have Mercy, and a *Croſs*, might be ſet on the Door.

Char.

That a Million and half ſhould be the Revenue,
Yet the K—— of his Debts pay no Man a Penny!

Wool.

That a K—— ſhould conſume three Kingdoms Eſtates,
And yet all the Court be as poor as Church Rats,

Char.

That of four Seas, Dominion, and of all their guarding,
No Token ſhould appear, but a poor copper Farthing.

Wool.

Our worm-eaten Ships to be laid up at *Chatham*,
Not our Trade to ſecure, but for Fools to come at 'em.

Char.

And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli*'s Scorn,
By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Leghorn*.

Wool.

That making us Slaves by Horſe, and Foot Guard,
For reſtoring the K——, ſhall be all our Reward.

Char.

Char.

The baſeſt Ingratitude ever was heard!
But Tyrants ungrateful are always afear'd.

Wool.

On *Harry* the ſeventh's Head he who plac'd the Crown,
Was after rewarded by loſing his own.

Char.

That Parliament Men ſhould rail at the Court,
And get good Preſerments immediately for't,
To ſee them who ſuffer'd for Father and Son,
And helped to bring the latter to his Throne,
Who with Lives and Eſtates did loyally ſerve,
And yet for all this can Nothing deſerve;
The King looks not on 'em, Preferment's deny'd 'em
The *Round-heads* inſult, and the *Courtiers* deride 'em,
And none get Preferment's, but who will betray
Their Country to Ruin, 'tis that opes the Way
Of the bold talking Members.

Wool.

If the Baſtards you add,
What a Number of raſcally L——have been made.

Char.

That Traitors to the Country, in a brib'd Houſe of C——,
Should give away Millions at every Summons.

Wool.

Yet ſome of thoſe Givers, ſuch beggarly Villains,
As not to be truſted for twice fifty Shillings.

Char.

No Wonder that Beggars ſhould ſtill be for giving,
Who out of what's given to get a good Living.

Wool.

Four Knights and a Knave, who were Burgeſſes made,
For ſelling their Conſciences were liberally pay'd.

Char.

How baſe are the Souls of ſuch low-prized Sinners,
Who vote with the Country for Drink and for Dinners.

Wool.

Wool.

'Tis they who brought on us this ſcandalous Yoke,
Of exciſing our Cups, and taxing our Smoke.

Char.

But Thanks be to the Whores who made the K— dogged,
For giving no more the Rogues are prorogued.

Worl.

That a K— ſhould endeavour to make a War ceaſe,
Which augments and ſecures his own Profit and Peace.

Char.

And Plenipotentiarys ſent into *France*,
With an addle-headed Knight, and a Lord without Brains.

Wool.

That the K— ſhould ſend for another *French* Whore,
When one already had made him ſo poor.

Char.

The Miſſes take Place, each advanc'd to be Dutcheſs,
With Pomp great as Queens in their Coach and ſix Horſes.
Their Baſtards made Dukes, Earls, Viſcounts and Lords,
And all the high Titles that Honour affor[illegible]

Wool.

While theſe Brats and their Mothers do live in ſuch Plenty,
The Nation's empoveriſh'd and the Chequer quite empty:
And tho' War was pretended when the Money was lent,
More on Whores, than in Sh.ps, or in War hath been ſpent.

Char.

Enough, my dear Brother, altho' we ſpeak Reaſon;
Yet Truth many times being puniſh'd for Treaſon
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongue,
Bold ſpeaking hath done both Men and Beaſts wrong'

When,

When the Aſs ſo boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knoweſt what Danger had like to come of it;
Tho' the Beaſt gave his Maſter ne'er an ill Word,
Inſtead of a Cudgel *Balaam* wiſh'd for a Sword.

Wool.

Truth's as bold as a Lyon, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every Tittle of what I have ſaid.
Our Riders are abſent, who is't that can hear?
Let's be true to ourſelves, who then need we fear?
Where is thy King gone?

Char.

To ſee Biſhop *L*—.

Wool,

To cuckold a Scrivener, mine's in Maſquerade;
For on ſuch Occaſions he oft ſteals away,
And returns to remount me about Break of Day.
In very dark Nights ſometims you may find him,
With a Harlot got up on my Crupper behind him.

Char.

Pauſe Brother awhile, and calmly conſider
What thou haſt to ſay againſt my *royal Rider.*

Wool.

Thy Prieſt-ridden K— turn'd deſperate Fighter
For the *S*——, *L*——*ſt*——, the *C*—, and the *Mitr*
Till at laſt on the Scaffold he was left in the Lurch;
By Knaves, who cry'd up themſelves for the Church,
A—— and B——, A——— and D——.

Char.

They King will ne'er fight unleſs for his *Queans.*

Wool.

He that dys for Ceremonies, dys like a Fool

Char.

The K— on thy Back is a lamentable Tool.

Wool.

The Goat and the *Lyon* I equally hate.
And Freemen alike value Life and Eſtate:
Tho' the Father and Son be different Rods,
Between the two Scourgers we find little Odds;
Both infamous ſtand in three Kingdoms Votes,

This

This for picking our Pockets, that for cuting our Throats.

Char.

More tolerable are the Lyon King's Slaughters,
Than the Goat making Whores of our Wives and our Daughters.
The debauched and cruel ſince they equally gall us,
I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus*.

Wool.

One of the two Tyrants muſt ſtill be our Caſe,
Under all who ſhall reign of the falſe *S*— Race,
De W—— and *C*—— had each a brave Soul,
I freely declare it, I am for old *N*— ;
Though his Government did a Tyrant reſemble,
He made *England* great, and his Enemy's Tremble

Char.

Thy Rider puts no Man to Death in his Wrath
But is bury'd alive in Luſt and in Sloth.

Wool.

What is they Opinion of *J*— Duke of *York*?

Char.

The ſame that the Frogs had of *Jupiter's* Stork.
With the *Turk* in his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
Father *Patrick's* Diſciples will make *England* ſmart.
If e'er he be King, I know *Britain's* Doom,
We muſt all to a Stake, or be Converts to *Rome*.
Ah! *Tudor*, ah! *Tudor*, of *S*— enough;
None ever reign'd like old *Beſs* in the Ruff.
Her *Walſingham* could dark Counſels unriddle,
And our Sir *Joſeph* write News books, and fiddle.

Wool.

Truth, Brother, well ſaid, but that's ſomewhat bitter,
His perfum'd Predeceſſor was never more fitter:
Yet we have one Secretary honeſt and wiſe;
For that very Reaſon, he's never to riſe.
But can'ſt thou deviſe when Things will be mended;

Char.

When the R ign of the Line of the *S*—— is ended.

FINIS.

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